

HARLOT'S PROGRESS:

OR, THE

HUMOURS of *Drury-Lane*.

In SIX CANTOS.

Being the Tale of the noted *Moll Hackabout*, in *Hudibrastick* Verse, containing her whole LIFE; which is a Key to the Six Prints lately publish'd by Mr. *Hogarth*.

- I. Her coming to Town in the *York* Waggon; her being betray'd by an old Baud into the Arms of Colonel *Ch—s*; her early Improvement in the Sweets of Fornication; and some Dialogues, Serious and Comical, between a Country Girl in the Waggon, and a Parson.
- II. Her living with a *Jew*; some merry Intrigues in the *Jew's* House; with Satyrical Pictures in the *Jew's* Chamber.
- III. Her living in a Baudy-House in *Drury-Lane*; her Extravagance, Company, Baudy-House Equipage, Pictures, and other *Drury* Decorations; with her being detected by Sir *J---n G---n*.
- IV. Her Usage at *Tothil-Fields* Bridewell; with some merry Adventures of Fops, Pimps, Whores, Bauds, and Panders, who were committed to keep her Company.
- V. Her Sickness and Death; Disputes between two noted Quacks, *Temple-Bar* and *Bow-Bell* Doctors, on the Nature of her Dis-temper; and her last Will and Testament.
- VI. Her Burial; the Funeral Pomp of Harlots in Triumph; Six Mutes, Sisters of the Trade; the Parson, a very Wag; the Clerk, a Sly-Boots; and the Undertaker, one of the Family of the *Sad Dogs*.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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 [Price One Shilling.]

Contains a ref. to Fahn's eng. of
Macheath, the hero of Gay's "Beggar's
Opera", p. 34, lines 3-6. (copied in
note book i. 159.)

To the INGENIOUS

Mr. H O G A R T H.

S I R,

HENCEFORTH I'll not invoke or choose
 Th' Assistance of an airy Muse;
 Let but my Eye your Pictures see,
 My Thoughts must flow in Poetry:
 Your Harlot speaks your ev'ry Figure,
 Has Grace peculiar, Life, and Vigour:
 I view'd 'em, when a Fancy strong
 Inspir'd me with a Comic Song.

Pardon me, Sir, if ought I may
 Too plain in luscious Colours lay,
 I wrote but what you make them say;
 Happy Sir James, in such a Son,
 By whom Apelles is outdone;

His Work is marvellous, and fine,
But not miraculous, like thine:
Thy Canvas tells its Tale as plain,
As can be told by Tongue of Man:
Fame first design'd to make thee known,
In being Sir James Thornhill's Son;
Then Heav'n, its mighty Pow'r to shew,
Gave thee Sir James's Genius too.

THE

THE
HARLOT'S PROGRESS:
OR, THE
HUMOURS of *Drury-Lane.*

C A N T O I.



SING no Songs of *Alexander's*,
But Bauds, and Whores, and Pimps, and
Panders,

Shall be my Theme; --- assist me *Venus*,
My Goddess, Patron, and my Genius:

Aid me, kind *Tan--r*, *C---m*, and *M---r*,
To shew the Progress of a Whore;
For you can surely best define 'em,
Who search the Outside, and within 'em;

Know

Know each *Arcana*, Creek and Cranny,
 From *Spring of Youth*, to *Flood of Granny*;
 And hear, and see, and smell, and feel,
 Each microcosmographick Wheel;
 Discover Secrets with a Pill,
 Beyond great *Æsculapius*' Skill.

Aid me, I pray, and I'll return
 A grateful Tribute if I burn.

I have at least a pair of Dozens,
 Of first and second loving Cousins,
 Shall fall to you a Sacrifice,
 And hazard Palate, Nose, and Eyes:
 Then give me Lessons of Instruction;
 (*So much by way of Introduction.*)

As I from *Powdering-Tub* was hopping,
 Sometimes a *Running*, sometimes *Stopping*;
 In melancholy Mood, a thinking,
 What *bitter Draughts* I had been drinking,

I saw a Caravan of Lasses,
 In various Dresses, various Cafes.
 One's *Mouth* had water'd many a Year,
 For *Morsels* cheap enough — yet Dear;
 For she had cramm'd her self so greedily,
 As she could not digest it speedily :
 Another buxom *Bona Roba*,
 Had play'd with *Richard*, on a Squab-a;
 And there was caught, — O sad Disaster!
 This was resented by the Master;
Richard was kick'd, and shew'd the Door,
 And She turn'd out, a filly Whore.

But there was one who seem'd to lack--- a Bout;
 I ask'd her Name, she told me, HACKABOUT;
 And just as I began to sue,
 For what, alas, I could not do,
 Comes an old Baud, 'twas MOTHER BENT---Y;
 Gently, said she, good *Driver*, gently;
What pretty Maidens, pr'ythee, have ye
Brought up to Town? — Children, Odd save ye!

My Lady is a noble Countess,
 And some of you may share her Bounties;
 On *Hackabout* she fix'd her Eyes,
 When Joy was mixed with Surprize,
 Resolving it should be her Care
 To catch poor *Polly* in her Snare:
 Her Looks, her Air, her Dress, her Shape,
 Would tempt an Anchorite to Rape;
 And *Bent*—y always sold a Thing
 For as much Money as 'twould bring.

My Dear, said she, *would you be rich?*

Yes, Madam: — Have you learn'd to STITCH?

Yes, Madam: — Can you Wash and Starch?

Yes, Madam: — clean and stiff: — You're arch

Why, Madam, I am young and nimble,

Can use a Bodkin, or a Thimble;

Can Bake, and Brew, and Spin, and Knit;

Can roast a Joint without a Spit;

Can make a Cheese-cake, or a Custard;

And Cheese, and Butter, Tarts, and Mustard;

And drefs you twenty things befide,
 Or roasted, boil'd, or bak'd, or fry'd;
 And from a Squire I have a Letter
 Will tell you this, and fomewhat better:

This faid, ſhe pull'd out her Credentials;
 But *Bent*—y wanted her *Effentials*;
 And therefore could not read the Scroll,
 If 'twould have fav'd her wicked Soul.

My Dear, faid ſhe, and ſtrok'd her Chin,
I mind the Letter not a Pin;
Your Looks ſuch Innocence declare,
I love you as my Child, — *I ſwear*,
And will provide for you, my Dear,
The ſame as I have done for her:
 And Truth ſhe ſpoke, for ſhe had been
 The Baud to draw her Daughter in,
 Till with the Crinkrams *Sib* was rotten,
 And by her humble Slaves forgotten;
 And only known at *Bridewell* Block,
Smithfield, and *King ſland*, and the *Lock*:

B

But

But I must leave 'em for a while,
To tell a Farce will make you smile.

A Priest, whose Coat and Sunday-Gown
Had outliv'd Colour, Knap, and Down,
That 'twould not hide a little Flea,
Except 'twas of the Colour Grey;
On slow-pac'd *Tit* did Pains bestow,
To overtake the *Height-Gee, Woo*;
Which stop'd a little at the *Bell*,
Whilst *Hobson* drank a Mug of Ale.

Young Maids, said Domine, HIS GRACE
The Bish--p of a noted Place
Has made me promise to befriend him
With some young Girl, I vow'd to send him,
And when this Waggon came in view,
I thought of him, in seeing you.

Now speak your Minds; who wants a Place,
And would be glad to serve HIS GRACE?

A pert young Huffy, by her grinning,
 Betray'd she knew an Art in Sining,
 Address'd her self to th' ancient Priest;
Of sacred things I make no Jest,
But by your Use and Application ;
I know your End, Sir, — no Evasion,
Is not the Girl who takes the Place
To cry, A M E N, when he says Grace ?
But to be plain, — I love Plain-dealing,
Has not the Bish-p lost his Feeling,
And wants what David had of old,
A Girl to hug him when he's cold?

Fy, said the Priest, *thou wicked Harlot,*
Dost think that I am such a Varlet,
To be Procurer for a Prel---e,
As vilely thou wouldst have me relate?
No, I defy thee, wicked Minx,
Such Actions in my Nostrils stinks.

Doctor, your Pardon ; you are warm ;
In what I said, I meant no Harm ;

*One Half o'th' World they say're Deceivers,
 And t'other Half are Unbelievers;
 I therefore love to try all People,
 To find who's upright as a Steeple;
 Doctor, your Virtue I commend,
 And shall be proud to serve your Friend.*

*Well, Maiden, thou hast got a Tongue,
 Will make or marr thee ere it's long;
 I hope the Words which thou dost scatter,
 Are like young People's on the Water,
 Who rally when they think no Harm,
 But shew their Wit when Blood is warm:
 This Letter is — I like your Face —
 This is the Token to His Grace:
 Be good, my Child, and tell no Lies,
 But say your Pray'rs, and Catechise.*

But as he gave her the Epistle,
 His Beast, who fed on Thorn and Thistle,
 Some Hay espy'd, beneath a Load
 Of Pans, to keep 'em whole 'twas stow'd;

Poor *Filly* tugs to fill his Jaw,
 The Jackall to the Lion Maw;
 Down comes the Pyramid of Pans,
 Broke the 'Tit's Head, and Vicar's Hands,
 And laid 'em both in miry Slough :
 (What Plagues the Righteous undergo !)

Ah me ! said Ecclesiasticus,
What Fate decreed to serve me thus ?
If I survive, and get this Cross over,
I'll be a Stoical Philosopher.

Had I a Horse (that play'd his Gambols)
Such as our Diocesian nambles,
He might have broke my Collar-bone,
Or broke my Neck, it's much at one :
Well, Heaven be thank'd it is no worse !
I'll make a Blessing of a Curse.

By this time, *Ben--y*, in Disguise,
 Had told the Girl a hundred Lies,
 And swell'd her Vanity and Pride
 Too great for *Hackabout* to hide;

And whither should the Baud and Miss go,
But to the Stallion, *Don Francisco*.

With muckle Een, like Saucers twa,
He gaz'd, as tho' he'd leek'd her thra';
With his left Hand he tip'd a Broad-piece,
And put his other Hand in's Copiece:

Said he, *Here's Gold, and precious Stones,*
Girl, take my Riches all at once.

This said, the *Tarquin* flew at *Hackabout*,
Who scream'd, and from him turn'd her Back-abbout
But he, as void of Grace as Fear,
Began to charge her in the Rear.
And *Bent--y* held her, *Plene dolens*,
Whilst he o'ercame her *Nolens Volens*.

C A N T O II.

WHEN *Hackabout* had fully weigh'd
 The Value of her Maidenhead,
 Its Plague to keep, its Weight to bear,
 And how she often to a Hair
 Was forc'd to manage it, to keep it,
 When it was ever so intrepid;
 Pox on't, said she, (an ugly Curse,
 And by the way 'twas ominous,
 As she and many-a-one have felt,
 Who wish in Youth they had been gelt)
 Pox on't, said she, 't has learnt to eat,
 And now I'll make it earn its Meat;
 This blust'ring, heft'ring Colonel Bully
 Shall not be long my only Cully.

This said, the Colonel pop'd upon her,
 And swore he lov'd her, 'pon his Honour:
Love me, said she, and play such Tricks!
 Hush! Child, I keep a Coach and Six;

My

My Servants, Child, are yours, *Here Betty* !
 There, *Bess*, see, that's your worthy Lady;
 Let her in ev'ry thing b' obey'd,
 And be your Self her fav'rite Maid:
 My Business calls me in the City;
 Dear *Poll*, a Buss; don't pout; good by t'ye.

The Colonel gone, they view each other
 With jealous Eyes, they want to smother;
 Each wants to hear the other's Tale,
 If joining Int'rests might avail;
 For each was in the same Design,
 To plunder, or to undermine;
 The Fort they did not care to die in;
 And *Polly* broke the way by Crying.

Madam, said *Bess*, I hate to flatter,
 But, may my Navel ne'er be fatter,
 If e'er my Master (hang him) knew
 So beautiful a Maid as you:
 He flies at all the Game that comes,
 From Locket Miss to ragged Bums.

The Baud who introduc'd you here,
 Is the great Devil's Overseer,
 And has as many Imps t'attend her,
 As all the Devils in Hell can fend her ;
 They catch young Girls to make 'em Whores,
 Till all their Body's full of Sores ;
 Then drive 'em headlong to such Shame
 And Mis'ry, I want Words to name.

Said *Hackabaut*, all pale and trembling,
 Is not this Story all dissembling ?
 Can such a Place as this afford
 An honest Woman of her Word ?

Madam, says *Betty*, don't mistake,
 I do not preach for Virtue's fake ;
 But there's Discretion, and Degrees
 Of Pleasure, Liberty, and Ease ;
 I should not care to bed a *Turk* ;
 Nor should I care at all to work ;
 I hate and dread the common Stews ;
 And but for Int'rest love the *Jews* :

And if you'll be advis'd by me,
 (You're but a Novice yet, I see)
 We'll play such Tricks, and Jadish Pranks,
 The very Priests shall give us Thanks,
 For we shall save more Men from Hanging,
 Than all their Doctrines and Haranguing;
 And bring Intrigue to such a Height,
 We'll make 'em virtuous out of spite,
 And dread the very Name of Whoring,
 As little Culls do Bullies Roaring.

Alas! said *Hackabout*, I fear,
 This Life at length will cost me dear;
 However, if you will be true,
 I'll join my Int'rests all with you;
 Then pray be free, make Propositions,
 And I'll agree to your Conditions.

What I propose is not so nice,
 As to escape the Name of Vice;
 It is to Cheat, Delude, and Wheedle,
 All but the Constable and Beadle;

For

For they are dang'rous, and must be
 Oblig'd for nought, and kept in Fee,
 And now I think on't, we'll begin
 This very Night i'th' Name of Sin:
 A *Jew* I know, as rich as *Cræsus*,
 From this curs'd Place will soon release us:
 I'll go directly and inform him
 Of you, a Beauty that would warm him,
 If he was made of Snow or Ice;
 And he'll be eager in a trice
 To know your Story, see your Face,
 And something else in proper Place.
 This Project, with what you must feign,
 Will yield me both Revenge and Gain;
 For this same Son of Circumcision
 Has often sign'd my own Commission;
 But, like a fickle Fornicator,
 And Subject fit for keenest Satyr,
 In one short Week or two he's fated,
 And then his--- *Angel* --- Saint --- is hated:
 This might provoke me to rebel,
 But, Faith! I love my self too well;

For who the D---l should we bite,
 But those who do our Sex no Right:
 Besides, he is no Christian ——— then ———
 He's not all o'er like other Men;
Jews clip, and pare ——— Dogs! they diminish
 The Instrument that Man does finish:
 These Reasons then, put all together,
 We should not stick in Trifles ——— rather
 Be wholesale Dealers when they cool,
 And strip the Knave, and leave the Fool.
 Your Part to act is this. ——— I swear
 To him, that you was under Care
 Of Guardians; one, a sad Curmudgeon,
 Abus'd you, which you took in Dudgeon;
 And so resolv'd to quit the Place
 Where you was us'd so very base;
 Not suff'ring you abroad t'appear,
 And stinted too in what you wear;
 Tho' your Estate might well afford,
 You things like Daughter of a Lord;
 That here in *London* all your Trust is
 To find some one to do you Justice;

That

That you was secretly convey'd
 To Town, in Habit of a Maid,
 And would continue so a while,
 Till Matters you could reconcile:
 And tell him you are from *Northumberland*,
Yorkshire, or *Lancashire*, or *Cumberland*;
 No matter which, as long as we
 Do in one Story both agree;
 Your Voice, and Dress, and Country Mien,
 Will all conspire to bring him in;
 For Fornicators Impudence
 Aims most to injure Innocence;
 And were they sure when they betray
 An unexperienc'd Girl astray,
 The Action would for ever damn
 Her Soul in *Pluto's* Brimstone Flame,
 And make her Life a Hell on Earth;
 Yet the damn'd Rogue's infectious Breath
 He would exhaust, in Oaths and Lies,
 And all that Villains can devise;
 That he adores the Ground she treads,
 Would cut off fifty Giants Heads;

Nay,

Nay, Heads of Kings that should offend her,
When to the Devil he's going to send her.

Curse on the Villains perjur'd Hearts!
Let us like Women act our Parts;
Cheat and defraud the Knaves, and then
Declare 'em Devils in being Men.
Thus Priests of *Rome* their Flocks inflame
'Gainst Protestants, the very Name
Is 'nough to call for Fire and Faggot,
To shew the ign'rant Zeal of Bigot.

Thus *Bess* would have her Learner blind
To all the Virtues of Mankind:
But view their nat'ral little Guiles,
Which Women, prompt by wicked Wiles,
With *Argus* Eyes, and bring upon 'em
Ten thousand Plagues, till they've undone 'em.

Then *Hackabout*, inspir'd with Zeal,
At what unhappy Women feel,

Vow'd deep Revenge on Man, and swore,
To seek Revenge she'd be a Whore
To Christian, *Jew*, or *Turk*, or those
Who all Religions did oppose.

Betty, said she, lose you no Time,
But find the *Jew*--- bring me to him.

Bett, like the Chariot of the Sun,
Flew, that the Business might be done
Before she cool'd, or he return'd,
Whose Absence Woman never mourn'd;
And as the Devil would have it, she
Found all things as she wish'd 'twould be;
The *Jew* more eager than he'd been,
To sacrifice for wicked Sin;
Bid her be expeditious, flee,
Bring me the lovely Soul, said he.

Betty obey'd; they soon agreed
To rifle, and remove with speed,
And had the Pleasure in a Coach,
To see the injur'd *Don* approach;

But

But ere he reach'd his Castle, they
 Had out of Knowledge made their way,
 Whilst he call'd on the muckle Deel,
 To take the filthy Gleeds to Heel ;
 And bid the Deel gang thra his Sol
 If he had not Revenge on *Moll*.
 The Son of *Levi* met 'em ready,
 At Foot of Stairs, to take his Lady,
 And to his Chamber to convey
 The luscious and designing Prey.

Over the noted *Wol---n's* Head,
 Between the Chamber-Door, and Bed,
 Hung finely painted, *Israel's* King,
 With Harp, his Maker's Praise to sing ;
 Behind him came the Ark returning,
 The Loss of which had caus'd such Mourning.

Moll view'd the Picture and observ'd,
 That with such Sights fond Love was starv'd ;
 And said, It would be better far,
 To have King *Sol*, with Harlots, there.

The *Jew* agreed ; but mind, said he,
 Within some sort it does agree ;
David is naked, and each Maid,
 You see, to view is not afraid ;
 None seems displeas'd but's Wife, and she
 Fears some may long for what they see.
 Some other Pictures shew'd Designs
 Of Men from Father *Jacob's* Loins ;
 But one was odd, and something dark,
 'Twas that of famous Dr. C---k ;
 That *Wol---n's* Phiz should here appear,
 No wonder. --- But, why C---k is there,
 Amazes! --- *Poll* soon found the *Jew*
 Her Fool, and she observ'd her Cue :
 She'd wheedle now, and then she'd rant,
 She'd bully then, and then she'd cant ;
 She kick'd the Table down and broke
 The China ——— this a brittle Joke :
 He cool'd a Fortnight after this ;
 They part ; she gives a *Judas* Kiss :
 He goes to change, she changes too,
 And takes enough a Lord t'undo.

Bess likewise flies, still loves her Mistress,
 For she in shifting now her Sister is ;
 And *Bess* had likewise here a Cull,
 Who kept her Belly and Pocket full ;
 And used thro' the Chamber creep,
 When all the Wicked were asleep.

C A N T O III.

NOW *Moll* was Mistress of her Trade ;
 To Plays, and Balls, and Masquerade
 She flaunted, with a Train and *Betty*,
 Exchang'd her Name for that of *Kitty* ;
 And so henceforth we mean to write her.
 Now she was grown a little tighter,
 And from a printed Linen Gown,
 She wore the best of Silks in Town ;
 And thus equipp'd, our Harlots they,
 And *Archer Aimwell* in the Play,
 Did different Persons personate,
 To sling a Lure, or lay a Bait ;

I'th' Evening when 'twas almost dark,
 Then tript a Round or two i'th' *Park*;
 And if no Game was started there,
 They knew the Playhouse was their Fair,
 Where little Beauty, and little Wit,
 Wou'd catch a *Templar*, or a Cit ;
 When at the *Rummer*, *Rose*, or *Crown*,
 They'd try how much he would come down ;
 And if the Cull would tip a *Yellow*,
 He was a *very pretty Fellow* ;
 If Cash ran high, *Moll* would propose,
 Each there should strip off all their Clothes,
 And dance the Jig of Paradise ;
 And if the Cole did higher rise,
 A Game at Chuck, a burning Shame !
 And twenty things not fit to name.
Kitt would propose ---- such Postures play,
 As those who understand the *Lay*,
 Confess outdid the noted *Sally*,
 Or famous *Squab*, or *Dabbey Dally*,
 Such Tricks as neither Mother *Lod--e*,
Needham, or Mother *Thom--s*, *Stod--e*,

Or *Ball*, or *C——*r ever heard of,
 Tho' the great Deel they're not afraid of :
 Afraid of! no —— there's Mother *Needham*,
 May by this time cause to heed him,
 And fear, and feel him too, for *Satan*
 Is the worst Master they can wait on ;
 For Bauds are Stokers to his Furnace,
 And with hot Pokers play at Burn-Arse.

Now *Hackabout*'s no longer *Moll*,
 But Lady, for she touches Qual' ;
 And thought her Title very good,
 Not bought, but *in the Right of Blood* :
 And thus it was : A Lord who's known
 By shuffling Gaite, and snuffling Tone,
 Saw *Moll* at Play, and lik'd her Looks,
 And long'd for — *what?* — *Hey Gammer Cooks?*
 And sent his Footman to inform her,
 She must surrender, or he'd storm her ;
 And *Moll*, not liking War's Alarms,
 Sent Word, on honourable Terms,

She'd ope' her Gates, the Fort surrender;
 But she was very young and tender :
 The Articles were seal'd and sign'd;
 The Place appointed; *Giblets join'd* :
 And *Moll* from this commenc'd a Lady
 Altho' a Ploughman was her Daddy;
 If Mother did not steal a Leap,
 And let one get, and t'other keep.

My Lady *Moll*, on this Preferment,
 Put new Phylacteries on her Garment,
 Bought a Gold Watch, and *Mecklin* Laces,
 For now she understood her Paces ;
 She saw how silly Peoples Eyes
 Were wand'ring after Butterflies;
 That Wit and Beauty were but low,
 Without the silver Trappings too ;
 Thet a poor Callimanco Gown,
 May trudge a Week for Half a Crown;
 When Mantuas, rich Brocades, and Sattins,
 Will make a B---p leave his *Mattins*.

Poll's new Gallant, but now her Lord,
 Like a great Statesman, kept his Word;
 He swore he'd load her Neck and Ears,
 With Diamonds bright, as big as Pears;
 And give her half a Thousand Pound,
 Before the Sun had gone its Round :
 But he forgot it all next Day,
 And that he knew her could not say;
 And what he knew, he strove to smother,
 With, Ay, and This, and That, and T'other;
 Till *Moll*, tir'd out with oft' attending,
 Deny'd a Gift, or Money lending :
 She swore, henceforth she'd sooner hoard
 With a Street-Robber, than a Lord;
 And took *James Dalton* to her Arms,
 Till *Ketch* depriv'd her of his Charms:
 But in Rememb'rance of the Prig,
 She kept his Wig-Box, and his Wig;
 The Box serv'd too for other Uses,
 To hold Machines for broken Sluices;
 Such as old *Wildman* did expose
 To Sale, at Clap-preventing *Rose*;

But strange it is Men shou'd devise
 A Way to blind or dim their Eyes!
 When they would see some charming Sight;
 Or that a Man should e'er delight
 To feel fine Wool or Down with Gloves on,
 Or muffle when a Ball he shoves on;
 At Billiards, when he'd hit the Jack,
 The Ball would run too hard or slack:
 A Man in Muffles is a Monster,
 Which any knowing Girl can construe.

Besides, *Moll* us'd the Wig at times,
 In Ringlets, as the Women's Whims
 Are, o'er the arched Brow to fix 'em,
 Like Tail of Goats in *Wales*, at *Rixham*;
 And some of strong Opinion are,
 She was as bald as *Johnny Parr*;
 When she from dreadful *Sally* spiting,
 Came home, and by an Art in Knitting,
 She had so wove the Wig, and plaited
 It, and with glut'nous Matter matted

The Caul to *what-d'ye-call* the Place;
 It look'd and felt as nat'ral as
 Th' Original; however be it,
 I cannot tell, I did not see it.

Moll chiefly spent the Day at home;
 Therefore let us survey her Room.
 The Furniture was of a Piece,
 And most of its Varieties,
 Such as might shine in *Gresham-College*,
 Amongst the mighty Men of Knowledge:
 A Chair, the Bottom made of Flags,
 A Hole i'th' Bottom stuff'd with Rags;
 Of Linen of a yellow Hue,
 The Sight enough to make one sp——;
 Upon the Chair a Bason stood,
 Of Urine full, as clear as Mud:
 Next that, a —— *Come riddle-me, riddle-my ree,*
Pray tell me what my Riddle shall be?
'Twas a black Thing, with a black Hole,
Cock'd up to receive both the Life and the Soul;

*It has a broad Arse, and juts in at the Middle,
The Inside will make a Man dance to a Fiddle :
In this same black Hole, a white Thing was put,
With a fiery Nose, the length almost a Foot ;
It flirted, and spent, till it shorter did grow,
And Moll put it out, when she'd nothing to do.*

This was a Bottle, in which Moll
Had put a Candle, lest it fall ;
For tho' a hundred things would stand,
If she but touch'd 'em with her Hand,
A Candle would not, tho' twas stiff,
It was as dead as *Dover Cliff*.

Upon that very Chair did hang
A Cloke, that merits an Harangue ;
But ev'ry Fool can make a Joke,
Or tell one made about a Cloke ;
O'er this, two Pictures hung — O Jade !
A very Devil in Masquerade ;
One was St. *Andrew's* Doctor, *Harry*,
Who's gone to Heaven, if no Miscarry

Has happen'd in the way ; if so,

He still is in the Shades below :

Next him, *Macheath*, as in the Play,

The Hero great of *Johnny Gay*;

Strange Creature this, of Harlots chief,

To join the Doctor with a Thief.

Near these, a Rod of Birch was hang'd,

With which full many a Bum was bang'd,

To whip 'em to a feeling Spirit,

Before they enter and inherit.

The high-crown'd Hat, and Windows broke,

Are scarce the Subjects for a Joke ;

And *Dalton's* Wig-box o'er the Bed,

On which both Knaves and Fools have laid,

Has been took notice of before :

Poor *Polly's* Fate we now deplore.

As *Kitty*, her good Maid, and she,

Were drinking Soul-reviving Tea,

Rejoicing at a Watch she crib'd

The Night before, of one that nib'd,

And

And *Ket* had read a Past'ral Letter,
 To make their Mirth still more and greater:
 Comes stern Sir *John*, with all his Officers,
 Who look'd like tipling Philosophers;
 Sir *John* behind the Curtain stood,
 The Sight would done *Ulysses* good;
 He view'd the *Siren's* Dishabil,
 Her Shape —— and in Surprize stood still;
 Her Skin as white as Cream in *Spring*,
 Her Air, her Shape, her ev'ry thing ——
 Did almost shake him; but his Zeal
 O'ercame his Passions; *Let her feel*
 (Who spoils our Youth) *the Point she merits*;
 Hell's Witchcraft with her Charms sh'inherits:
 This said, they seiz'd poor *Moll* and *Katty*,
 And dragg'd 'em thence —— O dismal Ditty!
 To beating Hemp an Embrio Rope,
 For what can such poor Caitifs hope?

C A N T O IV.

HAPPY the Ugly and the Old,
 Where Favours are not bought or sold;
 Where no Deceit is in the Wooing,
 But *Things* are done for th' sake of Doing;
 Then each has Nature's Recompence,
 They act i'th' State of Innocence:
 But Beauty beggars, wounds, and kills,
 And brings all Plagues and Human Ills;
 It makes the Women proud and vain,
 And ever brings an early Stain;
 And then Adieu to Truth and Honour;
 The *Thames* will leave its Course much sooner,
 Than Woman once seduc'd (if she
 Has Charms) from vicious Courses flee.

Poor *Hackabout!* this was thy Bane,
 Thy Wit and Beauty brought thy Stain;
 Drove thee from Virtue's Rules, and shew'd
 The way to be compleatly lewd.

Poor Poll, in *Quod*, now cries — then swears,
 Then laughs — and then her *Mecklin* tares,
 Curses Sir *John*, and rails on Justice,
 And sees no Soul in whom her Trust is;
 Before her, Bauds, and little Whores,
 Are paying off their little Scores,
 And make the Place a little Hell;
 Some fight, all scold, some groan, some yell;
 One stamps, then bites his Nails, and grins,
 Not in Confusion for his Sins,
 But that he's bar'd from being a Fool,
 And to Bauds, Pimps, and Whores, a Tool:
 A strange Infatuation, this,
 Whoring, the greatest Plague that is;
 Inslaves its Followers more than all
 The Snares in which Mankind can fall.
 But I am preaching. — How is this?
 Why, Faith! I'm on a Topick. — Piss
 My Eyes out, if I can forbear
 To preach against that cursed Snare,
 In which I have been drain'd and pickled,
 And beggar'd — then again been tickled,

And

And drain'd again, and fous'd, and still
 To leave the Trade is past my Skill ;
 Tho' I'am exhausted, and as dry,
 As Beef, hung up in Chimney high.
 When *Poll* I view'd at Hempen Block,
 Brocaded Gown, and laced Smock,
 Apron with Fringe, and all that dear is
 To make the *Mundus Mulieris* ;
 Tho' at that time it was a *Quære*,
 If she'd not *Noli me tangere* :
 I could have ventur'd Plague and Pox,
 And all that fills *Pandora's* Box,
 To've had a silly snotty Pleasure,
 But she, poor Girl, was not at Leisure.
 The Keeper, with a *Nero's* Look,
 Distorted Eyes, and Nose a-crook,
 Contracted Brow, and Chin, and Cheeks,
 Which shew'd he nought but Fury seeks,
 And that he would not creep or cringe
 To *Ate*, Goddess of Revenge,
 Held up a Pizzle of a Bull,
 And thus he spoke, of Envy full.

*Mistress, you come not here to idle
 Your Time — Put on your Pride a Bridle,
 Or this same Shoulder-circling Weapon,
 Shall let you know under whose Keeping
 You are --- Work on --- Hussy --- Blood ! thump,
 And work each Finger to a Stump ;
 'Twill put ye'n mind of all the Fellows
 Such Strumpets daily bring to th' Gallows :
 For this same very Hemp you beat,
 Of some poor Wretch, his Life will cheat.*

This said, to shew his Power, he mill'd her,
 'Till Envy, Grief, and Shame had fill'd her,
 Which she endeavour'd out to pour,
 In various Streams a stormy Shower ;
 Her Eyes, like Light'ning, darted Flames,
 Then Showers of Rain would swell the *Thames*,
 Came from those Eyes which us'd to kill,
 Or wound with Cockatrice's Skill.

Thus Convicts, when they come to die,
 Move every Heart, each piteous Eye

Drops down a Tear, and seems to curse
 The Law, which justly has its Course,
 Tho' the poor Wretch must die, or we
 Can't live in bless'd Security:
 So far'd it with our Heroine,
 It griev'd all Hearts, as well as mine;
 Tho' 'twas confess'd she did deserve
 To work for Bread, or else to starve:
 But to be pleasant — Cutting Capers
 Cur'd *Moll of Hippo*, and the Vapours,
 Which Idleness, and Ease, and Tea,
 Had rais'd in her to such degree,
 She'd yawn, and gape, and stretch, and look,
 Like Poet, stupid o'er a Book;
 Ask what she ail'd — why, you must guess,
 A sort of — *Don't-know-how-ish-ness*
Had overcome her, and she hopes
A hundred vivifying Drops
In Fountineack, or rich Champagne,
Would set her Head to rights again:
 This was her Case, alas! but now
 The Keeper's Pizzle, and his Brow,

With what he often made her feel,
 Made her as lively as an Eel:
 Excellent Cure, and cheap, and wholesome,
 Beyond the Drops, or *Peru* Balsam:
 Not that I can, or really dare
 Prescribe this Usage for the Fair;
 For first, I must indulge their Folly,
 Tho't often makes me melancholy;
 And next, and most of all, I fear
 Loud Claps of Thunder at my Ear;
 For Women seldom want their Tongues,
 Or are afraid to waste their Lungs.

Whilst *Moll* was thumping with her Sisters,
 With Hearts of Grief, Hands full of Blisters,
 Comes a gruf Constable in charge
 Of one who liv'd both loose and large;
 But now with melancholy Mazard,
 He found the dire Effects of Hazard,
 And from the Dice-box and the Table,
 Was brought to work with other Rabble.

All round 'em stood a Hellish Throng
 Of Satan's Slaves, both old and young ;
 Some working, others laughing, others
 Cursing the Bauds, adopted Mothers ;
 Whilst they, poor superannuated Devils,
 Made this a Scene of Hellish Revels,
 And swore, drank Gin, and spu'd, and then,
 Got up and drank, and spu'd agen ;
 The Prologue, Play, and Interlude,
 Was all the same, they drank and spu'd,
 And doz'd, and snoar'd, and drank, and snoar'd,
 And then lift up their Heads and roar'd ;
 And lous'd themselves, and eat the Lice ;
 And spoke fine things in praise of Vice ;
 But *Moll*, poor *Hackabout*, was mute,
 And only said, *Sir John's a Brute*.
 And here she lay, none to befriend her,
 And only *Ketty* to attend her,

C A N T O V.

WHEN outward Wrongs and inward Ills
 Attend us, 'tis not all the Pills,
 Nor all the Preaching put together,
 Will cure a broken Heart — no, rather
 The Violence of our Despair
 Contributes most to ease the Care,
 By snapping short the vital String:
 Thus *Poll* at Block, poor harmless Thing!
 Concludes — and upon Search can't find
 Her Faults (for we to them are blind)
 And therefore *Polly* does resign
 Herself to Grief, to starve and pine:
 This mov'd her Keeper, tho' a Brute,
 And she was pardon'd at his Suit:
 But Grief had taken Root too deep,
 Alas! she dy'd; — weep — Sisters, weep:
 To see her Corps would melt a Stone;
 Alive, she melted many a one.

But ere she went to *Pluto's* Shade,
By sage Advice, her Will she made;
And thus it ran :

Imprimis. I my Soul can't leave,
But it leaves me. — A Negative.
My Body I dispose of thus :
To my Lord — that *Incubus*,
I leave my Tongue t' assist his own,
Both in the Wickedness, and Tone ;
And then he'll be a Devil compleat,
When now he's but a courtly Cheat.

I leave my Eyes, my Nose, and Chin,
For a great Trial of Skill in Sin ;
And she who can most Postures play,
In Triumph bears the Bell away.

My Arms and Hands I would bestow
To Mrs. Porter, but I know
Her own are exquisitely fine,
Therefore she has no need of mine.

Then

Then take 'em — *Hen--y*, Orator,
 Thou know'ft the Use I leave 'em for;
 When thou haft Advertis'd — a Puff,
 And People come to hear the Proof,
 And thou art founder'd — then my Arms
 And Hands display'd, will give thee Charms;
 And be the Matter e'er fo dull,
 The Hands supply the empty Skull.

My Legs and Feet, to Mother *Bent--y*,
 Whose gouty Pillars go but gently;
 Then ſhe, with Satan to attend her,
 Will be an univerfal Pander.

My other Goods and Chattels I
 Bequeath, as thus--- to *Sp---r Di---*
 My Patch-Box, Lip-Salve, and my Paint,
 They beautify, and never taint.

My Lodgings, in a little *Villa*,
 Leave to beauteous *Vanilla*,

That when she sets the C--t on fire,
She to the Country may retire.

My Bunch of Rods, for Flogging-Cull;
When he is jaded, dry, and dull,
To modest *Edm--d Cu-l* I give,
That he in Lech'ry may revive;
With Ballads, and some bawdy Books,
(I thought to leave to Pastry-Cooks)
As a Reward for what he's done,
I leave betwixt him, and his Son.

My Bason, Pictures, and my China;
And Laces coarse, as well as fine-a,
I give my *Ketty*, as a Friend;
My Cun---s to Sir *John* I send;
So fit for them sure there is no Man,
He hates Quintessence of a Woman.

My *Bible*, and *Whole Dut' of Man*,
I leave to *Bow--n*, if he can

By them a learned Subject form,
 The Duty of Woman, when she's warm;
 How far with Nature's Dictates they
 May act ——— 'twill be a learn'd Essay.

My broken Mug, that wants a Handle;
 And Bottle, in which I put my Candle,
 I leave to miserable *Hodgings*,
 When she is strip'd, and drove from Lodgings.

My Chair, and Stool, and Urine Catcher,
 I give to wicked *Betty That--r*;
 The Chair has suffer'd some Abuse,
 As she knows how, which she'll excuse.

A Trencher, and a broken Dish,
 In which I fry'd and eat my Fish;
 A Knife, and Fork without a Handle,
 Which was my Save-all for a Candle,
 I leave to little *Jenny Wright*,
 That she may cut as well as bite.

To Mother *Tho--s*, now the oldest
 Of all the Bauds of Fame, and boldest,
 I leave my *Cu--d-ms*, fifty Gros,
 And all my Pills, a dozen Dose;
 With this Advice. ——— Get all you can
 From that vile perjur'd Creature, Man;
 Or fair, or foul, or right, or wrong,
 With Hands and Heart, with Tail and Tongue:
 And when you've purchas'd an Estate,
 And baudy Tricks are out of Date
 With you, through Riches, Age, and Poxes,
 Then build an Hospital for Doxies;
 Endue it with a handsome Bounty,
 And then a Saint the World will count ye,
 And fix your Name in golden Letters,
 On a fine Table with your Betters:
 But see you make a cautious Will,
 For Overseers are Men of Skill,
 And write themselves, and all their Friends,
 As Patients, for their special Ends:
 Therefore ordain that every Creature,
 That comes a Patient for Good-nature,

Shall prove by good Certificate,
 From Quack, or Surgeon, that her State
 Has been at least five times a Clap,
 And twice a Pox, and could not 'scape
 With both their Eyes, their Nose, or Teeth,
 And Gums, to chew their Victuals with;
 That when they enter in your House,
 They must be poorer than a Mouse;
 For that has Skin, but theirs must be
 In Holes, and pox'd to that degree,
 That if a Man his *Finger* lays
 Within the *Mouth*, and there it stays
 A Minute, if the Heat should fail
 To scald or burn his Finger Nail,
 Till first it cracks, and off it comes,
 And broils like Griskin on the Gums,
 She's not to be admitted there,
 Not worth a skilful Doctor's Care.

Thus all the Idle you'll discourage,
 And make each Girl a Wit of her Age,

And fam'd for Suff'ring, and for Doing,
Which will make all your Patients knowing,
And fit for Doctresses and Nurfes,
Or any other learned Courses.

Leave other Legacies to th' Poor,
'Twill lay you Blessings great in store;
Your wicked Life will not be nam'd,
So much as by a Letcher maim'd;
Your Virtue, Sanctity, and so forth,
All round the Town and Country'll go forth:
And you, by this, with G u y may trick
That cunning Friend of yours, Old Nick:
So much I leave you as Advice,
And now I leave you something nice.

My chief Utenfil, 'tis a Pan,
That search from *Beersheba* to *Dan*
You cannot match it for its Uses,
And yet it suffers no Abuses.
In this my Beef I boil and stew;
In this I Sh——, in this I Sp——;

With

With this I warm my Bed, and I
 In this do Bacon and Liver fry;
 And when in this I dress my Victuals,
 The diff'rent Taste the Palate tickles
 To that degree, and so surprizes
 The Eater, that not one devises
 What Meat it is, and what the Sauce is,
 Nor how it's dress'd, nor what the Cause is;
 Yet all in Praises of it join,
 And say it's exquisitely fine.

My other Goods, five Shoes, three Hose,
 I leave to *Ketty* in the Gross.

Further she would have gone, but Death
 Appear'd with Dart, and stopp'd her Breath.

Tan--r and *C---m*, who in the Room
 Waited the Product of Fate's Womb,
 Now quarrell'd, who had done his Part
 The best, by modern Rules of Art.

C---m swore both *Latin, Greek, and Hebrew,*
 Were all his Mother-Tongues ——— and ye brew,
 Said he, *a compound Gibberish,*
Like Turtle, neither Flesh or Fish;
And how the Plague should such as you
Worth Notice, any Action do;
Ye Bundle of Guts, ye Dumpling Head,
Ye've sent the Girl among the Dead!

Tan--r, who has as much Assurance
As Irishman, escap'd from Durance,
Return'd the Language, but with Airs,
Without an Oath --- he never swears,
But lies confoundedly (in Print);
On C---m he turn'd his Eyes a-squint:
Said he, This Phial --- what is in't
You know no more than Hobby-Horse;
Yet all Physicians are at Loss
To know by what peculiar Arts,
It rectifies all putrid Parts
Of Humane Nature, and restores
A Body smooth, tho' full of Sores.

Thus

Thus they in ign'rant Jargon wrangled,
 Till dying *Hackabout* was strangled,
 In two sweet *Drury* Sisters Care,
 She leaned backwards in a Chair;
 Whilst one her Trunk of Clothes was rifling,
 And t'other list'ning, *Moll* was stifling;
 Whilst wrangling Quacks, and stupid Drones,
 Were deaf to *Polly's* Dying-Groans.

C A N T O VI.

MELPOMENE, assist my Muse,
 To sing the Humours of a Stews,
 Where *Hackabout* in Coffin lay,
 A Lump of putrifying Clay;
 Surrounded with a willing Quire,
 The Passions, *Horror, Fear, Desire,*
Despair, and Melancholy, Hope,
 Stood trembling all, no Mouth would ope';
 Till each of Tears a Tribute paid
 To the dear Relicts, and the Shade.

When

When a grave pious Man of Crape,
 After Refreshment from the Grape,
 Stood up, and giving three good *Hems*,
 Said,---- *Should your Tears o'erflow the Thames,*
A Life once lost it can't restore;
Then pr'ythee, Sisters, grieve no more:
She's gone no doubt t' a better Place,
And swiftly run a tedious Race;
No Want, or Fear, attends her now;
She suffers by no broken Vow;
No Labour, Punishment, or Pain,
Disturbs her Body, or her Brain;
And therefore, as the Saying is, she
Is in a better State than We.

This said, he sat him down, and groan'd,
 And all the Confort sigh'd and moan'd:
 Her Servant *Ketty* was the chief,
 And thus she strove to vent her Grief.

Ah! my poor Mistress, dead and cold,
Her Fellow, Coffin cannot hold;

*If she's not happy, what must I
Expect, when Fate shall bid me die?
So good, so honest, and so kind,
She has not left her Like behind.*

Next *Molt Wag--f* lift up her Eyes
And Hands, like Prophet in Surprise,
Then pour'd a Shower of Tears upon
The Corps——those Tears would melt a Stone;
For many a stony Heart they've melt,
Except the Owner of't was Gelt:
Her Breasts incircled with blue Veins,
That luscious Life and Love contains,
She beat and tore like frantick Sibyl,
Or *Cromwell's* Porter o'er his Bible;
Those Breasts, of all that's sweet, the Spring,
Would raise the Vitals of a King;
What had they done? —— It's true, they fill'd
Women with Jealousy —— but kill'd
Only the Men —— or struck 'em blind,
As their Presumption was inclin'd
To view —— or with unhallow'd Hands
To touch what all the Town commands.

The

The little mournful *Polly Davis*,
 Whose keeper both a Fool and Knave is;
 And weeping *Patty Cooper* stood,
 Each cover'd with a dismal Hood,
 And Gown of Crape, as Chief of Mourners;
 Hence be it spoken to their Honours.

Bess Lemmox serv'd the Wine, the Blowse
 Star'd at the Pr--st, and knit her Brows;
 For he had got the prettiest Doxy,
 And made his F---r do by Proxy,
 What would become a nobler Part,
 To do with Pleasure, and with Art;
 But so it was, the Pr--st was eager,
 And 'twixt the Flushing, and the Meagre,
 He made as odd a Figure as
Pinkethman riding on an Ass;
 The Picture represents an odd Piece,
 His Wine a running in his Codpiece;
 Did he that Liquor right convey,
 'Twould run much better t'other way;

Refin'd of all the Dregs, and Lees,
 It would at once give Life and please;
 But on this Subject he had never
 Harangu'd or preach'd, 'twas his Endeavour
 To teach, and do to others Good,
 Tho' still he was but Flesh and Blood:
 He felt, she grin'd and leer'd, and he
 Star'd, and he grin'd as well as she;
 And lest the rest see *this and that*,
 He laid a Cover on't — his Hat;
 O Hat sublime! thy Brims have cover'd;
 The deepest *Thing* Man has discover'd;
 A Myst'ry deep, unfathomable,
 As Bay of *Biscay* with a Cable:
 And tho' the Priests have hidden Springs,
 They can't discover hidden things,
Without the Help of Revelation,
For Reason's Rules are now D——on:
 But I am no Religioſo;
 And, by the way, our Priest was so so,
 And mid'ſt his Gifts and Piety,
 Did not deſpiſe the *Rem in Re*;

He lost a Hand---she hates a Finger;
Sir, kill me---do not let me linger;
A Lark, a tasteful Palate tickles,
But what is that to solid Vi&etuals?
Give me a Meal, when Time shall offer;
See there that dismal-looking Coff&er;
If that will not your Courage cool,
You must be rul'd, let others rule.

This said, she shuffled down her Clothes;
 Down drop'd the Hat, Hatband, and Rose;
 And poor *Don Piego* scarce was cover'd,
 When this Insult was rashly offer'd:
 She ask'd poor *Piego's* Pardon, lest
 He'd think she took him for a Beast,
 When he was modest and as fearful,
 As Children; and as Misers, careful:
 He very seldom car'd to *Spend*,
 If 'twas t'oblige his dearest Friend:
 He learn'd Oeconomy i'th' *Greek*,
 From Pigs who never squall or squeak,

But

But to the Dug of Sow apply,
 And drink or suck when they are dry,
 Without extraordinary Emotion,
 From base Design, or from Devotion;
 Which made him very plainly tell her,
 If she was bedded in a Cellar,
 And he should visit, it would prove,
 That he was very deep in Love;
 Or should she to a Garret rise,
 Near Heaven to be, or near the Skies,
 'Twould be a raising of the Soul
 Above its Sphere, above its Pole;
 When he should come and let her know
 She was above, and not below;
 And with an implicate Coherence,
 She must allow Pr--fts ---'s Vicegerents;
 And then, and there ——— and there and then,
 He'd strive to act like other Men.

But this Discourse was dull, and dry,
 The Girl knew *wherefore, and for why*;

And look'd on this as Pr--stly Juggling,
Or Nature with the Conscience struggling.

The Pr--st, who never suffer'd those
Who heard his Doctrine, to oppose;
Took this as Insult on his Trade,
And plainly call'd her saucy Jade;
She call'd him stupid preaching Puppy;
Compar'd him to a Cock that's roopy,
Who neither crows, nor treads the Hens,
Yet plagues them still, without Amends.

They jarr'd awhile, and in Suspence;
The Whores and Bauds listen'd from whence
Conquest would come —— but being equal,
'Twas a drawn Battle in the Sequel;
And both agreed, with open Heart,
The Burial over, kiss and part.

The Undertaker, leering, drew
The Gloves on Hands of Madam *Preu*,

That

That dext'rous Jilt return'd the Leer,
 And made him pay for't, tho' not dear;
 For as he stoop'd, or rather strain'd,
 To fit the Glove upon the Hand,
 Beholding Babies in her Eyes,
 Enough to make his *Humour* rise,
 She slyly made a Dive in's Pocket,
 And of his *Wipe* she bit the Blockhead.

My Dear, said he, and grin'd, and bow'd,
 If you'll admit me, I'll be proud,
 Amongst your many Slaves to wait;
 Or at your Door, or at your Gate,
 In Rain, or Hail, or Snow, or shine,
 To kiss this pretty Hand of thine.

Poor Fool! for *Half an Ounce*, or less,
 He might have kiss'd her ev'ry Place;
 Her Tail he might have kiss'd, or kick'd it;
 Or more, the hungry Dog might lick'd it,
 Without a straining Compliment;
 But still it serv'd her good Intent.

She

She drew her Face a little back,
Good Conduct in a flatter'd Crack;
 And told him he was such a Gent',
 His Words no Woman could resent;
 And if he'd keep in modest Bounds
 That Night, on *Covent-Garden* Rounds,
 She'd meet him, and a Glass participate,
 The Funeral-Grief and Woe to dissipate.

This said, his Wit and Rapture strove
 For Mastery, neither Hand nor Glove,
 Was now his Care, 'twas not his Business,
 His Hands a trembling, Head a Dizziness,
 Had seiz'd, with Folly in Excess,
 The End, let any Body guess:
 A bellowing Baud, fearing he'd swoon,
 Came to his Aid with Bottle soon,
 And gave him so much Brandy — Nancy,
 As gave him Life, and rais'd his Fanfy.
 The Girls would feign have held the Farce on,
 But, interrupted by the Parson,

They

They sat like Mutes, expecting something,
A Parson should not be a dumb Thing;
 And truly he had weighty Matter
 Upon his Mind, I hate to flatter.

My Friends, I think the Question's often,
 Said he, *if Cover of the Coffin,*
Should be nail'd down, or should be screw'd;
I hate in such things to intrude;
But I've been pondering and considering,
While some were crying, others twittering,
Which way is best — and some Analogy
Should be 'tween things without Apology;
I therefore give my Voice for Screwing,
What in her Life was she a doing.

But some will say, those that are rich in
Comparisons, Why not by Stitching
Her down, shall we not do the better;
Screwing's as old as Hopkins's Metre?
I answer: Will this Town afford
A Man that ever stitch'd a Board?

A clean

*A clean good pointed pretty Screw,
Is best — speak every one of you.*

At this, they one and all declar'd
For Screwing, tho' they'd some Regard
For Nailing, as it is not done
Without some *Knocking*. — Screwing done,
Her Arms on an Escutcheon drawn;
The Pall was neatly fixed on:
Three Spigots in three Fossils screw'd,
Was th' Arms belonging to her Blood.
The Emblem just, tho' 'tis an odd Piece,
At first deriv'd from *Harry's* Codpiece,

F I N I S.